

MARYKNOLL

• THE FIELD AFAR •



June 1945





Bishop Walsh, Maryknoll's Superior General, confirming G.I.'s in China

Bishop Walsh in China

EARLY in 1944, Maryknoll's Superior General, Bishop James E. Walsh, of Cumberland, Maryland, set out to visit the Maryknollers who were holding their posts valiantly in South China.

On a vessel carrying war supplies, he made a sweeping curve through the South Pacific to Australia, moved up to India, and then hopped in a plane over the Himalayas into China. Then he journeyed by air, by river, by paddy path, and, despite the Japanese, held council with numerous Maryknoll priests and Sisters.

"Our missionaries have given an excellent performance during these war years," he says. "We may feel proud of the manner in which they serve God and souls."

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The Maryknoll Society, laboring among the needy in the far lands of the earth, is part of the Church's world-wide effort under Christ to serve all men in body and soul



Father Murrett



Father Nevins



Sister Marie Estelle

THIS MONTH . . . dedicated to The Sacred Heart, Maryknoll presents a round-the-world mission narrative.

¶ **Padre's Delight** — Page 2 — is by Father Witte, formerly of Korea, now administering to the people of delightful valley towns in Central America.

¶ **Father Albert J. Nevins tells of June Ordinations** — Page 6 — with pictures and thumbnail biographies of the 17 Maryknollers who this month receive the priestly accolade, joyous fulfillment of hopes long deferred.

¶ **Invasion** — Page 10 — is an on-the-ground account of the evacuation of Kweilin, told by our own Monsignor Romaniello.

¶ **Missionary Jubilee** — Page 14 — is the story of the 25-year growth of the Maryknoll Sisters, and their expansion to faraway places, as told by Father Murrett.

¶ **River Odyssey** — Page 26 — by Father Grondin, is a day-by-day narrative of a poling trip up a little-known jungle river in Bolivia.

¶ **The Bishop Steps Out** — Page 32 — gives a glimpse, by Father Duchesne, of a Maryknoll Bishop who walks the weary roads of China.

¶ **Happy Landings in Nicaragua** — Page 36 — is Sister Marie Estelle's own story of the welcome given the Sisters on their opening of new territory.

¶ **Rookie Missioner** — Page 38 — by Father Francis Murphy, Maryknoller from Connecticut, tells some great expectations of the Bolivians.

Address all communications to THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS, MARYKNOLL P. O., N. Y.

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Padre's Delight

by CLARENCE J. WITTE

On a five-day mission visit, this Richmond, Indiana, priest falls in love with the people of a hidden Central American town, baptizing 381 souls in three hectic days



Mission trip described by Fr. Witte

SHORTLY AFTER NOON, as we crossed the crest of the mountain range, we saw Jacaltenango before us. Its houses seemed the size of pin heads, its streets a mere thread, its church a white spot on a mountain of green. We stopped for lunch at the next spring, then took the trail again.

Even before we reached the outskirts, a delegation came out to meet us. As we



Father Witte, now in Central America, once rode this motoreyle in Korea

entered the village, greetings came at me from all sides, and I felt an immediate liking for these friendly people. It was some minutes after four o'clock when I arrived at the compound.

Immediately the clamor for baptisms began, and from that Monday afternoon, till my departure on Friday morning, I had not a moment free. My principal activities during this time were these: Three high Masses and one low Mass; all-day Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament, with Benediction in the evening; about fifty confessions and slightly more than that number of Communions; several sermons of a sort; three weddings, and 381 baptisms.

They were interested in Baptism, yes; but not only in Baptism, as it has been in all other villages. These people wanted Mass; they wanted confession and Communion; they wanted Benediction and Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament; they wanted to get married; and above, all they

wanted me to stay with them always.

At the Masses in Jacaltenango, I was really edified. The church was literally packed, and those Indians knew how to act in church! They really prayed.

Swamped with Requests

THEIR devotion was evident, and their faces shone with the joy of having Mass. I am not ashamed to say that, when I turned around to speak a few words to them, tears came to my eyes. Here was something new and different.

To have confessions and Communions on such a visitation was also something new. Fifty confessions are not a great number; and to our city pastors at home, that would seem as nothing. But fifty confessions here are a tremendous number, and never before in my experience have I had anything remotely approaching that total.

In addition, there were requests to visit the sick, to go to the cemetery, to look up baptismal records; requests for catechisms, prayer books, holy pictures, and medals; requests for blessings of all kinds, and heaven only knows how many other things! To cap the climax, the children

came to ask if there would be a catechism class, and a catechism class is something to which I can scarcely drag the children in Soloma, my home mission.

And to have three weddings in two days, was nothing less than amazing, and there would have been more weddings if I could have stayed longer. One of the couples had been married for more than three months in the civil court, but in awaiting the arrival of a priest, each party had remained at home. They did not consider themselves married without the sacrament, they insisted. In Jacaltenango, I could not doubt this.

Lusty Yells

AND the baptisms! A total of 381 in three days is large for any time or place.

Just to note the necessary data in the record, is a time-consuming task, and the way the people mobbed me was frightful. They begged for Baptism as soon as I was out of bed in the morning, and I baptized till after ten o'clock at night. Once I baptized 166 at one time. That was an experience! Even a priest does not realize until he tries it, how long it takes to

Every little girl in Jacaltenango was spotlessly clean — for a few moments!





**Central American mother and child;
pleasant, kindly good neighbors**

baptize so many. Imagine the racket that 166 howling and wailing babies can make, many big enough to give a lusty yell. The din and the strain were terrific.

On my visit to Jacaltenango, therefore, I was in a constant rush, with hardly time to eat or sleep. In fact, I did not eat a full meal while I was there.

A Jolly Indian

I LIVED mostly on pineapples, cut up and ready to be snatched on the run. On my last night in the village, it was eleven o'clock before I had time to eat a bite; and it was one o'clock when I got to bed, with a day of hard riding to anticipate on the morrow.

Not only in religious matters did I find the people of Jacaltenango unusual and lovable. In other ways they impressed me as being above the average. They are friendly, more ready to smile, and generally of a happier disposition than most of the people I have seen. Some are really notable characters, for example, Maria Rojas.

Maria is a jolly woman, a zealous officer of the Society of The Sacred Heart, and a truly lovable soul. Apparently she is devoted to the service of the Lord, and of her neighbor. Her "neighbor" seems to include everyone, which is as it should be. And she is the most business-like Indian, man or woman, I have met.

I had taken with me quite a supply of catechisms, prayer books, holy pictures, and medals. When Maria brought in a group of the ladies of the society to meet me, she practically took over the sale of these, and in less than half an hour she had cleaned me out. She seemed so zealous that I promised to send her a hundred catechisms, with instructions on teaching the children, so that they can make their First Communion when I visit again.



The village children greet the Padre

Sacristan's daughter rings the bell

In Jacaltenango the Indians all live together in the village, and are not scattered over the mountainside, as in Soloma and other places. They work their little plots of ground farther out, but do not live on them, each keeping a home in the village. This makes them more accessible to church, and gives them something of a community spirit.

It seems to me that tremendous good can be done in Jacaltenango, and I am confident that a priest there would meet with wholehearted cooperation.

Spiritual Paradise

IT IS a great pity that those good people are without a resident priest. They want one so badly!

So I still hope another missioner may be assigned to this village. My experience in Jacaltenango leads me to believe that work there would make it a spiritual paradise, a Padre's delight. The satisfaction of good accomplished would well repay one for the isolation of this village.

As we climbed the mountain on the way home, Martin, my faithful companion,



pointed out that the mountain top, depending on the direction in which one travels, offers the first or the last glimpse of Jacaltenango.

"What a beautiful view!" Martin exclaimed, and after a moment of reflection, he added: "Life must be like that. When we die, this old earth passes away, and suddenly a view of a new and better world is given us."

I believe that Martin, a grand old Indian in whom there is no guile—devoted, trusty, simple as a saint—is himself far along on the trail of that "new and better world."



June Ordinations —

Following graduation from Holy Cross College, Worcester, **Father Fred Goddard** entered Maryknoll. He is the first priest ordained from his home town of **Uxbridge, Massachusetts**, in 17 years.



Because of the thirteen letters in his family name, **Father Albert Koenigs-knecht** is known to his classmates as K-13. He comes from **Fowler, Michigan**, and attended Sacred Heart Seminary, Detroit.



Realization of the debt the Midwest owes to early missionaries brought **Father Richard McMonigal**, of **St. Paul, Minnesota**, to Maryknoll. He is an enthusiastic student of liturgy and of Catholic Action.

JUNE means ordination time at Maryknoll — a time for rejoicing. Another class of Maryknollers has reached the end of a long journey of preparation, and its members are about to begin their priestly and missionary careers. This month, in the temporary chapel at Maryknoll, seventeen young men will be ordained priests.

Their backgrounds and homes are widely divergent. They come from many parts of the nation: Maine, California, Maryland, New York, Michigan, Pennsylvania, Minnesota, Massachusetts, New Jersey; and even from that distant bastion, Hawaii.

Men Are Representative

SOME of them are city boys; others have known the warm, sweet smells of the farm.

Parents who are doctors, mechanics, firemen and clerks have sons in the ranks. Some of the parents came to these shores from the Old World (one of our new priests was born abroad) while the parents of the remainder are of native stock.

Some of these young missionaries came to Maryknoll shortly after leaving grammar school, and have received their complete higher education at Maryknoll. Others attended various colleges, such as Fordham, Manhattan, and St. Peter's in Jersey City. Others came

Class of 1945

by ALBERT J. NEVINS

to us from different diocesan seminaries. In short, they are a cross-section of typical American Catholic families.

Relatives in the Service

PRACTICALLY every one of these new priests has brothers or sisters serving with the armed forces of our country. Father Gibbons has three brothers — in the Army, the Navy, and the Marines. Father Morrisette has a brother in the Air Transport Command.

Father Quinn has three brothers in the service. Others have relatives who have been decorated for conspicuous gallantry in action.

Yet, though their backgrounds differ, these Maryknollers reveal the eternal miracle of divine grace, for it is only through the mysterious hand of God that an identical desire could be planted in the souls of so many different men. Now they are united in the common purpose of taking Christ to a needy world.

In a few short weeks, the majority of these newly ordained will be leaving for their scattered mission posts, while the remainder will take up special studies and duties in this country. We congratulate the Class of 1945, on our own part and on that of our readers. May their going be fruitful in souls, and may many other young Americans be prompt in following their example!

The uncle of Father Carroll Quinn was a Passionist, killed by bandits in China in 1929. This was an influence prompting him to leave his native Baltimore, to continue his uncle's work, as a missioner of Maryknoll.



Born in the shadow of Grand Central Station, Father Christopher Gibbons is a typical New Yorker. He attended St. Peter's College in Jersey City; served as counselor at a boys' summer camp.



Father Ralph Sylva is the first Hawaiian to be ordained a Maryknoller. He attended the Maryknoll School in his native Honolulu before leaving the Islands to study for the priesthood.





Namesake of a great American, **Father Alfred E. Smith** spent his summers in social work and teaching catechism to underprivileged children. He is a graduate of Cathedral College in his native **Brooklyn**.

While a student at Cathedral College, **Father Charles Kenney** engaged in catechetical work among Puerto Rican children in his native **New York City**. This will prove useful in his future mission activity.



Summers spent touring Europe as pianist with various orchestras, have given **Father Vincent McConaughy** a diversified background. A graduate of the Pius X School of music, he comes from **Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania**.

Father Dominic Morrisette is the first foreign missioner to go forth from his home town — **Winslow, Maine**. This young priest of French-Canadian heritage is interested in modern aviation.



Born in Ireland, **Father James Curtin** came to America in his childhood, his family settling in **San Francisco**. He entered Maryknoll at Los Altos, after grammar school, thus receiving a complete Maryknoll training.

With an eye to a banking-and-diplomatic career, **Father Daniel Schneider** entered Fordham University. After graduation, he decided on missionary career. He comes from **Rutherford, New Jersey**.





The fourth Maryknoll priest ordained from his parish in San Francisco is **Father John Bradley**. He is a complete Maryknoll product, having begun his studies at our Los Altos college 13 years ago.



Father Francis Milroy gave up his studies in electrical engineering at Manhattan College to enter Maryknoll. He is the third Maryknoller to be ordained from his parish in **Woodhaven, New York**.



Father Francis Cahill came to Maryknoll from St. Benedict's College in his home town of **Newark, New Jersey**. He has literary ability and friends expect interesting stories from the missions.



Father James Courneen came to Maryknoll with a Bachelor of Science degree from Fordham University. There he had been active in athletics and a member of the Glee Club. His home is in **Rochester, New York**.



After graduation from Cathedral College, Brooklyn, **Father Rudolph Kneuer**, of **Ozone Park, Long Island**, came to Maryknoll. He says that the great need for missionaries was what persuaded him.



Chinese refugees trudge to safety

Invasion

by JOHN ROMANIELLO

IT WAS early spring. The southwestern part of China was peaceful; the Chinese farmers were in the fields, plowing with oxen. Daily the farmers heard the zooming of planes overhead, but they hardly raised their eyes to look. They were used to planes; they knew that American planes were passing, to fight for China somewhere towards the north.

In the city the situation was different. There were rumors that the Japanese were mobilizing to the north of Changsha, and the daily papers gave some accounts of this, but the news got little prominence. The sun shone brightly in the city streets, and the people went about gaily, dressed



Msgr. Romaniello shepherds flock

in spring clothes. They knew that something was impending, but they had confidence that the invader would again be defeated in Changsha, so no one worried too much.

Then one day the papers announced the evacuation of Changsha. That stirred the people, and thousands of them began moving out. The majority in Kweilin, however,

**Evacuation of ancient Kweilin,
South China Maryknoll center,
is related by Msgr. Romaniello
who led his people to safety
before the onrushing Japanese**

were still confident that nothing serious would happen, the activities of the Japanese around Changsha being labeled "local action." The next news was that Changsha had fallen, and that the enemy was moving swiftly southward. The trains were crowded with refugees pouring into our Province of Kwangsi.

Then everyone asked the question, "Can the Japanese be stopped?" And the answer was a discouraged, "No!"

The first city on the border of our province was Chuanchow, where Father McCabe carried on his mission work. One day Father McCabe called the Kweilin mission by telephone and announced that refugees were pouring into Chuanchow. He asked for money and medicines to help the suffering poor, thousands of whom were coming in over the border. The refugees were penniless, hungry, tired. The enemy advanced so rapidly that most of the natives had to run towards Kweilin empty-handed; and even those who came by train were not permitted to take much baggage.

Catholic Mission Crowded

FATHER McCABE had to set aside other mission duties and devote his time to this new work. He was busy every morning at the railroad station, visiting the sick in the freight cars, where most were suffering from malaria or dysentery. Quietly Father moved among them to console them and to give money or medicine where needed. In the afternoons he stayed at the mission, where groups came to him for help.

Many of the refugees did not remain in Chuanchow; they realized that the town would not be safe for long, so they moved on to Kweilin.

In Kweilin the refugees crowded the Catholic mission in West Alley, seeking help to the number of three or four hundred daily. But they had hardly arrived when word came for the evacuation of Kweilin, which had become the temporary home for refugees from Hankow, Hong Kong, Canton, Shanghai, and many other parts of China. All then had to pick up their things and move immediately westward.

Converts Say, "Back Again!"

MANY of our convert friends were in the refugee groups that came through Kweilin. After Mass each day, they gathered around Father Greene, to whom they exclaimed:

"Father, we're back again! Do you remember us? Empty-handed have we come again to Kweilin."

Some still had their baptismal certificates, and those they showed proudly to the Father. They had lost almost everything in the North and had returned to Kweilin. They had preserved but one precious gift, their Faith, and this they brought with them. They had lost all their possessions, but their Faith no one could take from them.

Final evacuation orders brought tremendous activity in the city of Kweilin. Porters carrying baggage to the railway station passed down the main street in long lines. No matter at what time of the day I went on the streets, I saw the porters hurrying along burdened with baggage. They carried everything imaginable: suitcases, duffle bags, boxes, trunks, baskets of all kinds, even baskets full of chickens!

There were many carts loaded with all kinds of articles, rumbling down the street to the station. Trucks, too, piled mountain-



Troops dig in streets as people flee

high with household goods and machinery, sped along the main road towards the North Station, where the way was still open to move westward and to safety.

When I walked down the street, I would invariably be asked: "Where are you going, Monsignor? When are you leaving?"

At that time I did not know myself. I found it hard to believe that I should have to leave Kweilin, where I had spent ten happy years of my life.

People All Gone

HERE were three ways of getting out of Kweilin: by the railroad, the highway, or the river. The railroad was the quickest way, and it appeared to be the most logical, although incredible prices were asked for transportation. But no matter how the people got out of town, the population quickly thinned, and familiar faces appeared more rarely on the streets. Eventually, the once-thriving city of Kweilin became dead; even during the day, the main street was quiet, much as if an air-raid alarm were on.

When the trains arrived, there was a

mad rush to get places on them somehow. Some passengers climbed in through the windows; others clambered to the roof, pulling their baggage up with ropes. If one member of the family succeeded in getting on the train, two or three other members would lift up the baggage to him, and then squeeze on.

Thin Voice Calls

THE train usually stayed for some hours in the station, and during that time the people shifted and pushed and jammed themselves in until every coach was packed to its utmost capacity, and not one more person could be even pried in with a crowbar. The engine and coal car were draped with human beings, as were the top of the train, the windows, steps, bumpers; even the rods under the cars and between the wheels were jammed with passengers.

When the train rolled out of the station, the eyes and faces of the refugees registered hope, though they were packed like sardines and were most uncomfortable. Approximately twenty thousand people left Kweilin daily in this manner.

One day, as Father Greene was on the platform helping the people, he heard a thin voice calling, "Shen Fu! Shen Fu!"

As the cry continued, the missioner edged through the crowd and found a little girl of four or five years, sandwiched in among the people. Quickly extricating her, he learned that the child's parents had got a place on the train, but that she was lost. Father Greene recognized the sobbing child as coming from the West district. Picking her up in his arms, he started looking for her parents, but he could not find them in that multitude.

As the missioner walked to the rear of the train, he spied a familiar face, that of Annie Wong, our faithful catechist, who was leaving Kweilin with the others. He

called to her and explained the child's plight.

"Lift her up to me. I'll take care of her," Annie answered.

Father Greene slipped some money into the catechist's hands and gave her the child, knowing the little one would have the best of care. As the train pulled out, the child waved through a slit in the crowd, and called her farewell with gratitude and hope sounding in her little voice.

All Shops Closed

AN ALERT came one day when a waiting train was filled to overflowing. No passenger left the train; all seemed to feel that it was their only way to safety. Fortunately, no enemy plane appeared, but I shuddered to think of the carnage if Japanese planes had come over and bombed that crowded train!

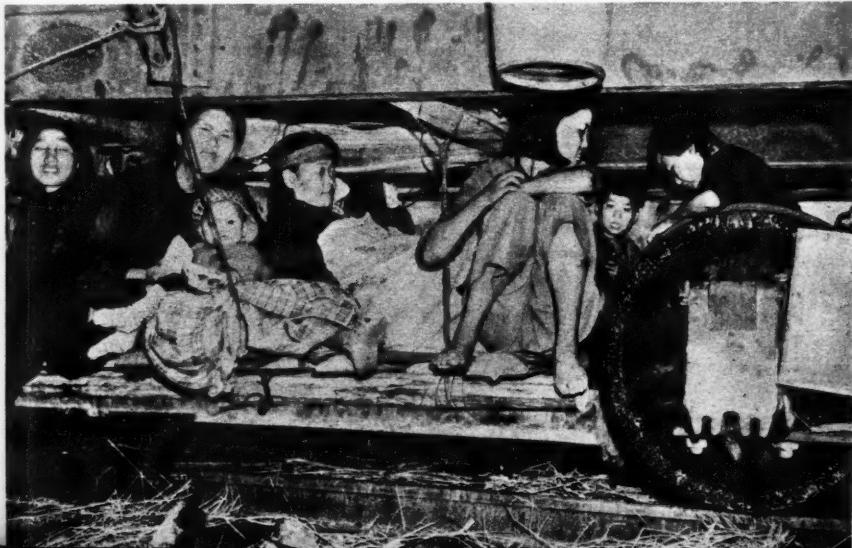
Fathers Greene, Wolotkiewicz, McCabe, and I bade good-by to our faithful factotum, Mr. Ts'ai, and to our washerwoman,

and to our cook Mr. Ts'ai had bought a boat in which he intended to move his family and some of his friends. We arranged for our washerwoman, who has been with us ten years, to stay in the boat with Mr. Ts'ai. The poor of the West Alley — our friends — watched us depart. It was hard, indeed, to leave Kweilin.

The streets were already deserted, and most of the shops were closed. A city of 100,000 had been emptied of its inhabitants. Where had they gone? They were already on the march!

Through the kindness of the United States Army, I was flown to Kunming. There I met Maryknoll's Superior General, Bishop James Edward Walsh, and discussed with him future plans for Maryknollers in South China. It was decided that one group of our Fathers should enter a Chinese language school, and the other group should work their way back to the western part of our Kwangsi Province, doing relief work.

Entire families "ride the rods" in headlong flight from Kweilin





Philippines—field of work for 53 Sisters

Departures of 450 Sisters have taken place

Missionary Jubilee

by JOHN C. MURRETT

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS ago, the Maryknoll magazine carried a few words in bold, black type, on its editorial page:

"The Maryknoll Sisters have been approved by the Sacred Congregation of Religious, at Rome. This welcome news reached His Grace, the Most Reverend Archbishop of New York, on the feast of the Apparition of The Immaculate Conception. It was telephoned by Monsignor Dunn to the Maryknoll Superior, and brought great joy to the forty earnest women to whom it will mean so much — their entire consecration, by vow, of their lives to the service of the foreign missions."



Maryknoll Sisters survey events since 1920, when their community was officially established. The Holy Father sends Papal blessing; Apostolic Delegate commends zeal

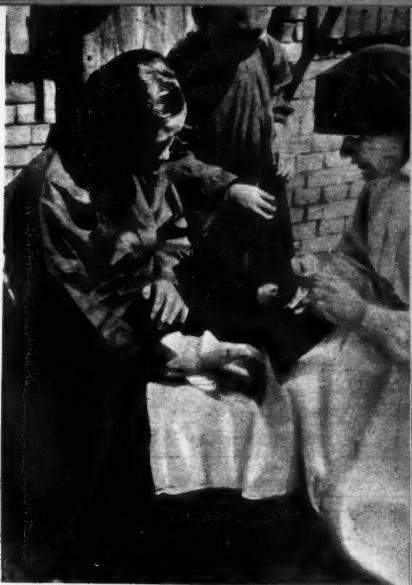
This year, in a quiet, family celebration, the Sisters observed their Silver Jubilee. They thanked God for the graces which have come to them, and with which they have so marvelously co-operated. The history of the Maryknoll Sisters is an interesting one, and their accomplishment for God is an enviable record, of which American Catholics may well be proud.

The story of their origin has best been told by the Mother General of the Sisters, in an article that appeared in **THE FIELD AFAR**.

"A little more than twenty years ago," Mother Mary Joseph wrote, in 1931, "our pioneers settled on the Knoll and were installed in an historic farmhouse. We were but fifty minutes from Broadway, but there were only oil lamps to make bright the decrepit house. . . . The wonder was, not that we lived happily at St. Teresa's, but that we grew.

Miracle Occurs

GOOD friends, high and low, said, when they heard of the foundation of Maryknoll in 1911, that money in plenty might be found for the foreign missions, but that luxury-loving boys and girls would never cast in their lot with what would mean exile, isolation, privations, weariness of body and soul. And yet, here on our little hilltop, before their very eyes, the miracle took place, and from the length and breadth of the country, from the great cities and quiet hamlets, came America's daughters to give themselves to the work of foreign missions."



The Sisters aid sick of many lands

The accomplishment of the Sisters can be reckoned, to some extent, by the fact that today, including novices and professed Sisters, they number 687, and are to be found — in spite of the war — in China, Japan, Korea, Manchuria, the Philippine and Hawaiian Islands, as well as in Central and South America, and in missions nearer home.

Since the departure of their first mission group for South China, in 1921, the Sisters have continued to send out new groups each year. Their labors, mostly pioneering work in strange lands, brought many hardships.

Father Meyer, of South China fame, has often said that the priests made converts, but it took the Sisters to make Christians.

When the war broke out in the Orient, the work of the Sisters was not stopped.



Maryknoll Sister, center of attraction at Home for Children in Hawaii

True, makeshifts were often necessary; but filled with the zeal of their mission vocation, the Sisters knew how to meet each new contingency as it arose. Were they bombed out of one convent? All right, they would push on to another destination, and set up their dispensaries, their schools, and their orphanages in safer places, until the war once more should reach their doors. Endless treks under almost unbelievable circumstances have been the mission Sisters' lot, particularly in South China, and it seems inevitable that many perils still lie ahead.

But this proving of the spirit through trial has been only a small factor in the course of years which have been beautifully active and fruitful in eternal accomplishments for souls.

Every Maryknoll Sister has brought to her mission apostolate all the finest gifts of the American young woman. That these

gifts have been developed to enhance God's glory is due in no small measure to the mother of the flock—Mother Mary Joseph, who in days of peace presided over all with almost casual informality, and in every hour of danger has risen up in prayerful strength to defend her daughters in Christ.

Pope Gives Blessing

THE Church in America will never decay as long as it can produce such sterling missionaries as are to be found in the ranks of this comparatively young congregation. Another twenty-five years will undoubtedly tell a far more magnificent story. Our Holy Father, Pope Pius XII, and his Delegate in this country, have both voiced their sentiments in messages which came to the Sisters for their twenty-fifth anniversary.

The message from the Holy Father said:

"On the occasion of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Canonical Foundation

of the Foreign Mission Sisters of St. Dominic, faithful collaborators in the widespread apostolate of the Maryknoll Fathers, the Holy Father, in token of felicitation and in pledge of bounteous divine graces, sends his Apostolic Benediction."

Delegate Praises Zeal

ARCHBISHOP CICOGNANI, Apostolic Delegate to the United States, in sending that message to the Sisters, wrote:

"As I convey this August Message of the Sovereign Pontiff, I wish to extend my own personal congratulations and good wishes. The constant growth of your Community in these last twenty-five years is a visible token of God's blessing upon you, and the continuance and even the expansion of your fields of apostolate in these trying times is eloquent evidence of the spirit of initiative and apostolic zeal which animates your Sisters. I trust pray-

erfully that the Blessing of the Vicar of Christ will be but a pledge of the rich graces which await the Sisters of Maryknoll in the next quarter-century."

We ask our readers to unite with us in the prayer that these modern "women of the Gospel" may continue through the years to go forth, prosper, and take Christ to reign in all lands.



Chinese novices are formed into native community by our Sisters

Music "hath charms" for Korean children directed by Maryknoller



Bishop O'Shea

IT IS with a profound sense of loss and sorrow that we chronicle the death of Bishop William F. O'Shea. On Tuesday afternoon, February 27, while hurrying to catch a train to Maryknoll, he was stricken with a heart attack in Grand Central Station; and he died as he was being anointed by Father McNulty from nearby St. Agnes Parish.

Bishop O'Shea was one of Maryknoll's few remaining links with the early days of our Society. He was one of the original group of six students who came to the newly founded mission Society in 1912. He grew up with Maryknoll and helped to shape its policies and direct its course.

Zeal Led to China

WE WHO knew Bishop O'Shea were ever impressed with his zeal and perseverance. It was these qualities which caused him to leave a good position in the Brooklyn Navy Yard and come to Maryknoll, with the intention of doing something for God. It was his perseverance that carried him through to ordination in 1917, and it was his zeal for souls that led him through the narrow and tortuous paths of South China.

He was recalled to this country to take up various administrative posts; and he was serving as Secretary General of Maryknoll when the Holy Father, Pius XII, in 1939 chose him as Vicar Apostolic of Maryknoll in Korea, and later as one of the twelve missionary bishops to be consecrated in Rome. After his consecration, he went to Korea to assume the duties of Superior in the Pengyang Mission there. Soon after the Pearl Harbor disaster, he was interned and later repatriated by the Japanese. When he returned to the United States, he prepared himself assiduously



Bishop O'Shea

for the day when he would again take up mission duties.

Bishop O'Shea enjoyed being with young men, insisting that their companionship kept him young and active. He set an example of loyalty and obedience for those about him. He was a Maryknoller through and through, and he never tired of talking about the work and possibilities of the Society. The memories he leaves behind will always be a source of rich blessings to those with whom he came in contact. We rejoice that now we have another constant intercessor standing before the Eternal Throne.

Father Carey

WHEN Father Thomas Carey was repatriated from Korea, one of the first things he did was to give his sister Frances a key.

"It's the key to my mission," he told her. "Mind it for me until the war is over and I go back."

Then he left the dock with his mother and sisters, to return to his home in East Newark, temporarily.

Then came new marching orders. This time he was to go to Puno, Peru. As he left home for the second time, he said to his mother: "You gave me to God. Whatever happens is His will."

On March 2 of this year, a telegram came and Frances knew that Father Tom would never need the key to the door of his mission in Korea.

While he was going to Puno for his annual retreat, the truck in which he was riding overturned, and instant death came



Father Carey

to Father Thomas Carey. He was only thirty-four years old. Faith prompted this beautiful expression of his mother when told the sad news:

"Cry?" she said, "I will not cry. Tom would not want me to. He belonged to God. It happened the way God wanted it!"



Brother Luke

Brother Luke

ON FEBRUARY 5, 1945, Brother Luke, known before entering religion as William W. de la Motte, a devoted Maryknoller for twenty-one years, passed away. His father and brother both were Episcopalian ministers, and his sister a deaconess. He was graduated from the University of California with high honors, and his talents as a teacher were utilized at Maryknoll. On summer holidays, he would tramp alone through great mountain regions, exulting to be close to the things of nature, of which he was such a student. Brother Luke was an exemplary religious, performing faithfully his community duties until a few days before his death.

Friends in the Service

Korea in France

FROM the Sixty-second General Hospital in France, comes a story by July Borden, special correspondent, telling of Maryknoll chaplain, Captain James Vincent Pardy, of Brooklyn, "whose courage, strength, and understanding give the patients in this hospital that little something to hang on to, when life is almost extinct.

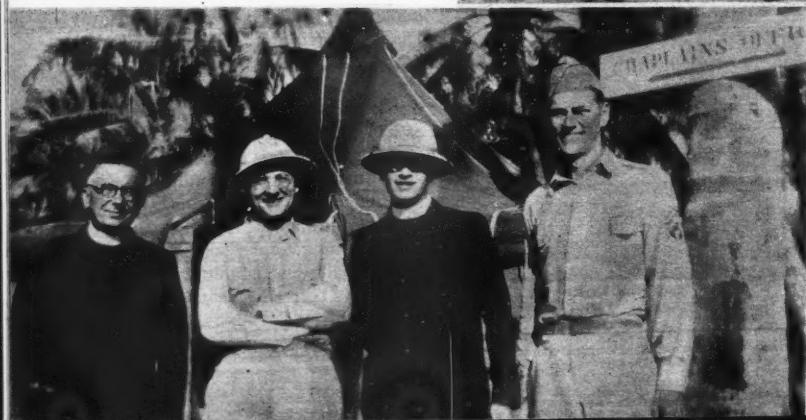
"Ordained a Catholic priest fifteen years ago," the correspondent continues, "he entered the Army in 1943, and spent eight months at Camp Mackall, in North Carolina, a paratrooper camp, before coming to Europe. After his earlier graduation from St. Francis College, Brooklyn, he joined the American Catholic Foreign Mission Society, the Maryknoll Fathers, and served as a missionary in Korea.

"Father Pardy was repatriated with

U.S. Engineers dine in rectory of Fr. Jack Donovan, M.M., in Kaying

S/Sgt. Joe Bauer (Rt.) brother of Fr. Tom, M.M., with Pacific Chaplains

900 others. After a short rest at home, he was again sent abroad. . . . He told me about his wonderful mother, Mrs. Sarah Pardy; his seven sisters — Charlotte, Helen, Anna, Sally, Marie, Grace, and Dorothy; and his three brothers — William, John, and Tom Pardy, most of whom are in the armed services."





Fr. Ryan Hughes M.M., preaches mission to 6000 soldiers in Honolulu

Jungle Chapel

"THE AIR FIELD where I am stationed in New Guinea, has a chapel," writes Paul L. Connors, Pfc., "where I went this morning at four o'clock, for Mass and Holy Communion. The chapel here is far different from those in the States, but I felt more at home than in the many fine churches of Cincinnati — for here the surroundings are like the world's first church, or the stable at Bethlehem.

"Our chapel here is of bamboo poles, with a canvas roof, and no sides. The altar is made of four-by-four posts covered with burlap and trimmed with bamboo poles, with flower-holders made of the same wood. Candle-holders on each side of the altar are also of bamboo.

"Above and behind the altar, there is a large white parachute, and the roof is also covered by a parachute. This is our chapel, and the men enjoy it more, perhaps, than anyone could imagine who does not live this jungle life."

Antidote to Tears

PRIVATE STANLEY J. GOICZ, of Worcester, Massachusetts, a graduate of Holy Cross College there, and now at Hamilton Field, California, sends in five dollars, the results of a day's special work, as his gift to the missions, "to relieve blinding tears and secret sighs."



Pfc. Goicz of San Francisco

Paul Connors, Pfc., Newark



MARYKNOLL

CATHOLIC FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY OF AMERICA



The Song Unchanged

"**V**OCACTIONS to the darkened East" have now become vocations to the fast-modernizing Orient; to the pioneering jungles of South America; to the seething unrest of India; to the fields white for the harvest in Africa; and who knows but before very long, to the unfortunate people of Russia, who have so long resisted attempts to ravage religious faith from their hearts. American missionaries are in all of these places today except the last, and this field may yet be opened in God's providence if world events should take a favorable turn. There are room and work for missionaries all over the world, and God is calling them in increasing numbers; and yet the little lines of the old Maryknoll song continue to be a valid description of the mission field, for those lands are always dark that remain without the light of Christ's revelation and the saving ministrations of the Church which He established.

Be Strong and Ready

PENTECOST renews the face of the earth. The Holy Ghost comes to inspire the good elements of the world with the divine fire which Christ cast on earth, so that men of good will may put on the armor of God and make issue against the rulers of the world of this darkness. "Be strengthened in the Lord, and in the might of his power. Put you on the armor of God, that you may be able to stand against the de-

ceits of the devil" (*Eph. VI: 10-11*). This armor is enumerated by Saint Paul as the breastplate of justice, the gospel of peace, the shield of faith, the sword of the spirit, prayer, and truth.

Such means are beyond the competence of men. So the Holy Spirit is sent to communicate the strength of God from heaven to earth by adding the riches of divine grace to the spiritual weakness and poverty of men.

"I will ask the Father and he shall give you another Paraclete, that he may abide with you forever. The Spirit of truth, whom the world cannot receive, because it seeth him not, nor knoweth him: but you shall know him; because he shall abide with you and shall be in you. I will not leave you orphans: I will come to you" (*John XIV: 16-18*).

The battles of peace that succeed the campaigns of war must find all responsible men strong and ready to champion the honor of God and the rights of men in the grave issues to be decided.

God in China's Skies

A PERIOD OF TRIAL is the order of the day for mission work all over the world. War conditions have imposed innumerable hardships on missions and missionaries. Mission plans have been suspended; mission activities curtailed; mission personnel worn out and depleted; mission converts scattered and persecuted. But strangely enough, mission progress has never ceased;

it has even received new emphasis. This is a reminder that missions grow through trial and hardship as well as through visible success and consolation. God knows what missions need, better than they know themselves, and He sometimes chooses to strengthen His work the hard way.

A case in point is wartime China. This area has seen the smallest amount of mission work that has been performed in the modern period, and it has also witnessed the greatest advertisement of mission work that ever characterized any period. The Church in China has not been able to carry on its regular activities to any great extent: its catechumens are not crowded; its institutions are not flourishing; its actual record of results is a much restricted one. Yet it is better and more widely known than it ever was; it is more in the public eye and has made a deeper impression on the public than ever before. This it has done not through success, but through failure; not through advance, but through hardship.

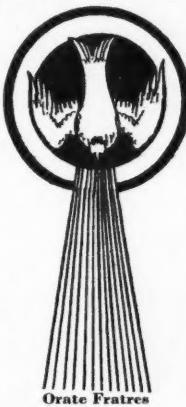
The Church has achieved this unexpected result by the simple expedient of remaining with the Chinese people in their extremity and doing the little it could to relieve their needs, while scarcely having enough resources for its own needs. The work accomplished was small, but the seed sown was great; and it has been sown throughout the length and breadth of the land. If God wished to bring the Church of China out of the catacombs in which it ministered to the restricted numbers of

worthy people it managed to attract to the Faith by ordinary methods, He could scarcely have taken any better means than that of submitting it to the test of wartime privations and hardships. By one sudden act, He has made of the Church a city seated on a hill — a blessed vision of peace that now looms large on the national horizon for all men to see. The hardest period the missions ever experienced has proved in this sense the most significant one.

Fathers Meyer and Hessler

IT IS NOT very pleasant to be placed in an internment camp against one's own will.

We do not know how much Father Meyer and Father Hessler are getting to eat in the Hong Kong Internment Camp, but we feel reasonably certain that beefsteak and ice cream do not often find places on their menu. We ask prayers for these two priests, who remained of their own accord in the camp in order to look after the spiritual welfare of the other internees. They have now been in internment for almost three years. Meanwhile we learn that the Bishop of Hong Kong was obliged to dismantle his minor seminary in order to sell the steel roof beams for money with which to buy food. The bells of his cathedral had previously gone the same route. Hong Kong is a spot that suffered its full share in the cataclysm of global war. Maryknoll priests and Sisters are anxious to return to the important mission activities they conducted there. May it be soon!



THE MOST WHO LOVE GOD, ALL THINGS WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD



FLIGHT FROM DISASTER.—“With the Japanese closely pursuing, Kweilin refugees swarmed the railroad trains, carrying their pitiful belongings. Our priests moved in with food, clothing, medicines. Catholics would call out: ‘Hello, Fathers! Here we are, back again!’ ” — Msgr. John Romaniello



River Odyssey

by GERARD GRONDIN

WE SPENT a busy time packing odds and ends for my trip up the Acre River. Juan and Marcelline finally arrived with the large canoe, so off we went, on a regular visitation of my large jungle parish.

The river is shallow and treacherous. We poled upstream, traveling slowly. The heat was terrific; mosquitoes were everywhere.

The system of poling is primitive. The front man stands in the center of the canoe, digs into the shallow water with his pole, and takes three steps forward at each push. He does this eight times a minute. The rhythm is regular, but the movement is slow, the poler practically walking the entire distance on the bottom of the canoe.

All was peaceful along the river, at first. I ducked under the straw-thatched awning built over the body of the canoe — which is about twenty feet long by two feet wide, and carries nearly a ton of supplies. This canoe is the chief means of transportation over much of my mission area.

It was late when we started, and I had just settled down when we pulled into the tiny village of Nazareth. This is only

Exploits of a Maine priest as he poles up Bolivian river on a jungle mission trip, where he baptizes, marries many natives



Fr. Grondin, of Westbrook, Maine

were served rice, eggs, and bread, and found the meal rather tasty.

I Take the Pole

THE next morning we started out at six o'clock. I had been wishing to try my hand at poling this canoe, to break the long hours of tedium, and so offered my services. But the natives here have a crazy notion that a Padre should do no manual labor. It would be a genuine pleasure for me to lean on that pole until exhausted, and even the prospect of falling into the cool river would not be unwelcome.

We ran in at Montevideo and met the delightful family of Manuel Pereira. Just a year ago, I officiated at the marriage of his eldest son, whose wife has since died of malaria. We had a brief visit with this family, drank a glass of buttermilk, and pushed on.

A Fight Ensues

SOON the river got wider, it was difficult to find the channel, and the poling became more arduous. We all would have been glad to accept a ride on anything else that might have come along.

Things have not been going smoothly between my two polers, Juan and Marcelline. They just do not seem to click together.

We were poling along at a snail's pace, when Marcelline insisted on looking up an acquaintance who lived in the bush along the river. We stopped, and Juan and I waited in the sun. To pass the time, I took my Winchester and sighted a few targets on the other bank of the river.

Juan became impatient at the delay, and called out loudly several times. "Let's go! Let's go!"

When Marcelline finally returned, he asked impatiently, "What's the hurry?"

One word led to another, with the Portuguese language waxing strong and vehement. It looked like a battle of words so I remained in the canoe; but soon Juan brandished a knife. Insults flew fast and furious. Marcelline also produced a knife, and then suddenly rushed to the canoe for his rifle. Before I knew it, I was between the gun and Juan, who got behind me for protection. I talked Portuguese faster than I had ever thought possible!

Soon Marcelline seemed to weaken, and even appeared ready to arbitrate. He asked, "Who pulled the knife first?"

That was the sixty-four-dollar question, and I refused to answer. Like a flash, Juan bolted for the gun. After a sharp tussle, the men both fell in the river. I managed to secure the gun and determined to hold it.

Gradually things quieted down, and it was finally decided that Marcelline would part company with us at this point. I shook hands with him and expressed sorrow that things had come to such a pass.

Well, I had wanted to pole the canoe, so here was my chance. Juan and I pushed off, and as soon as we were out of sight, I stripped down to the waist to take over Marcelline's poling job.

At dusk we pulled in for the night. For a poler, night is the most pleasurable time. Darkness usually prevents your further progress, you have good hopes of getting something to eat, and you just throw off your sweaty clothes and bathe to your heart's content. You forget the heat of the sun, the bite of the bugs, the utter

The river was shallow, treacherous



weariness of this arduous sort of travel.

I got into my hammock, dreading the thought of pushing that canoe on the morrow. But next morning, after Mass, we had a couple of cups of coffee, and off we went. It was cruel! We stopped at Dona Francisca's for lunch; but before going up to the house, I was ready to take a dip in the river.

Frogs Croak Symphony

HOWEVER, Juan mentioned that a large cobra made his habitat near that particular spot — and that took all the fun out of my intended swim.

We had a better breakfast than usual at the Dona's, and I felt like putting power behind that pole when we resumed our journey. The laughter of the women on the riverbank rang out at the sight of a Padre poling a boat. Juan suffered acute embarrassment from this, so he stopped here and there to look for another helper. Just as we were nesting down for the night, a native offered his services. We hired him on the spot, and decided to continue on in the moonlight.

Canoeing by the light of the moon was grand! The frogs croaked their evening symphony; birds chimed in, with their sweet and varied evensongs. Now and then a long-legged bird, known hereabouts as the *garsa*, scampered along the beach,

frightened by our passing. Quickly the canoe cut the water, urged forward by the honest strength of the two pole-pushers. I was almost sorry when we pulled in at Bufeo.

Early the next morning, I decided to walk over to Sacado. After chatting for an hour there with a young Portuguese, I started back, armed only with my camera. In the jungle, every crash seems a jaguar; every rustle of leaves, a cobra. But try to imagine how I felt when a black beast as large as a dog scurried off my path into the undergrowth! It took five minutes and a good Act of Contrition even to get my breath.

It is restful here at Bufeo, and the wedding days are come. An altar was erected in a prominent place, and everyone within walking distance attended. Altogether, we had three marriages and twenty baptisms.

Great Country Here

EVEN the men kneel during services in these parts, which is a great consolation.

Packed up after Mass and rode along with my friend, Chico Pedro. We teamed up with a convoy of mules and rode along for hours.

Great country here, this section between Bolivia and Brazil, and the people are nicely settled in this particular area.

YOUR WILL

WHY trust your sacred wishes to the uncertain memories of relatives or friends, when you can so easily provide for them in your will? This is the simplest and surest way to make certain your wishes will be fully carried out after your death.

When you make your will, write in a

bequest for the *Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Inc.* — Maryknoll's legal title. If you wish a copy of our free booklet, *The Making of a Catholic Will*, just drop a post card and we will send you one at once.

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS
MARYKNOLL P.O., N. Y.



Monsignor Freking of the Students' Crusade entertains Mr. Francis Yeh

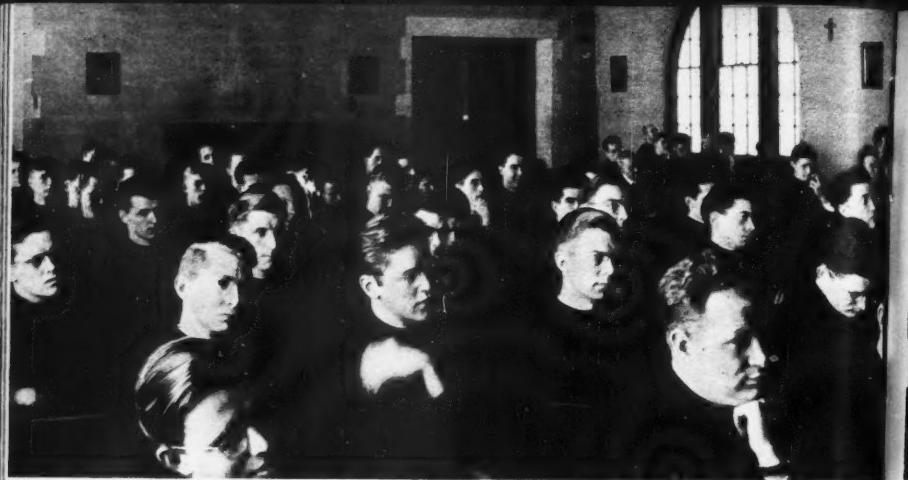
APOSTLE FROM CHINA

MR. FRANCIS YEH — or, as he is generally known among his own countrymen, Mr. Yeh Ch'iu-yuan — member of China's Legislative Yuan and Executive Secretary of the Catholic Truth Society of China, was a recent visitor at Maryknoll.

Mr. Yeh's conversion to Catholicism, in 1940, created great interest among Chinese intellectuals. Dr. John C. H. Wu, also

a recent convert, and Mr. Yeh, are outstanding Chinese writers. Dr. Wu, with his wit and sense of humor, makes us think of Chesterton; while Yeh, more inclined to an interest in history, reminds us of Belloc.

Mr. Yeh is in America as the guest of the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade. He plans to do what he can to promote his new-found Faith among intellectual groups.



Deep thought marks the faces of Maryknoll students as weighty problem is pondered at meeting

Badminton holds sway with baseball, handball, tennis, swimming, among summer sports at the Knoll



Knoll Notes

A N INDOOR AND AN OUTDOOR swimming pool, handball courts, balls and bats, and a few sets of badminton offer abundant sport possibilities for our 170 seminarians freed temporarily from books and the year's studies. Most summer days are spent in manual labor, and special study. But there is always enough energy for baseball, the pool, or a game of handball, which is a perennial even on the warmest days.

Disputation

ON THE FEAST of Saint Thomas, the green curtains were drawn across the sanctuary, and the Seminary chapel became a conference hall. Joseph Brannigan, of third theology, ascended the rostrum. He stated the question, involving the intimate and compelling connection between the study of dogmatic theology and growth in the spiritual life, a matter our Dominican professors, Fathers Callan and McHugh,



Off for a hike over the country-side, to relieve the tedium of summer classes and review work

* * *

"Who goes where?" is the big question on the hilltop as the time draws near for mission assignments



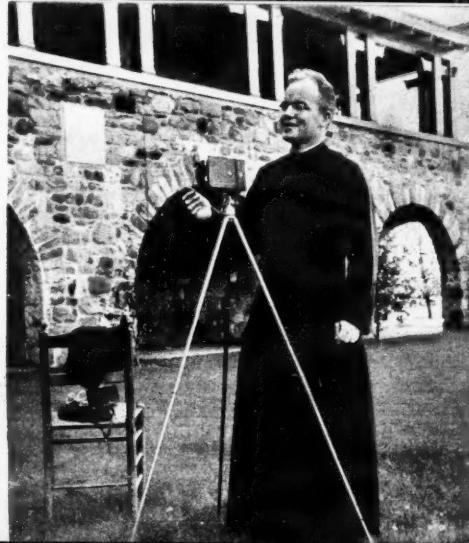
have been emphasizing for nearly 30 years at Maryknoll.

Brother Louis Wolke, official objector, eventually ran out of ammunition and was forced to capitulate. The audience was thereupon asked to present difficulties, which proved to be numerous. The Rector gave a concluding talk, emphasizing the value and necessity of firm habits of study and prayer.

Summer Wood Lot

EVEN IN the late spring, there is wood-cutting to be considered on the Knoll, and the woods behind the Seminary offer a constant source of supply. Trees must be chopped down, sawed, split, and cut into stove lengths. When winter comes, there are tidy piles, ready for less-fortunate friends to take away. Brother Kevin has an option on all hickory chunks, useful for curing those hams in the smokehouse.

The captain of the picture squad surveys the field, to determine his strategy for a photo attack



The Bishop Steps Out

by PAUL J. DUCHESNE

**Maryknoll's marathon walker,
Bishop Paschang of Missouri,
each year treads the primitive
roads of China, visiting flock**

TRAVEL facilities in our section of South China are limited, under present conditions, to the sedan chair and to shank's mare. Roads have long since been ruined by war; footpaths and rickety bridges are all that remain. Hardy souls ride bicycles, but the bicycle often must be pushed or carried, and the cost of greater speed comes high in perspiration. There never has been a railroad in this area, and the children have yet to see their first automobile, bus, or motorcycle.

Every man has a story for the Bishop as he enters South China villages

Our Bishop gets around his horseshoe-shaped vicariate twice a year. Usually he walks the entire distance. Sedan chairs are expensive, and he has so many better ways to use money: on the orphans, lepers, rice lines, native Sisters, seminarians and priests. And so he saves the price of a chair, and walks. The distance around the vicariate is a bit more than five hundred miles.

Bishop Paschang is not tall, and if he did not walk so much, he might be quite stout. Since last year, he has sported a beard which is neither red nor black. The less said of it, the better.

The Bishop's only comment, when the priests speak about the beard, is, "Anything to make the Fathers laugh!"

And so, with Chinese straw sandals tied



outside his shoes, as a cushion against pebbles, and to save shoe leather ("saving soles to save souls"), and with a large sun helmet of the type preferred by British colonial officials, the Bishop steps out on the great highway. He has a smile and a wave for all the youngsters along the road, especially those minding cows. He seldom passes a group but that his ready joke, or his beard, leaves behind a gale of gleeful laughter.

I was at a neighboring mission recently when the Bishop visited it. I told him I was going home the next day.

To my delight, he answered, "Wait a couple of days, and I'll go with you."

As the distance is sixty-five miles, we decided to spend the nights visiting Christians in the villages, rather than enduring the inns.

Bishop Arrives Later

I TRAVELED by bicycle, and therefore arrived at the first village, called "Beyond the Monastery," by noon. The near-by Buddhist monastery, until recent years the home of many monks, is now a school. The Bishop arrived on foot later, a bit the worse for rain and mud.

The next day, after taking a few wrong turnings in the mountains in the rain, we reached the village of Lofty Tombs. There the Bishop interviewed and accepted for the convent a young lady

who had been waiting five years to enter.

Next morning, after Mass, the Bishop walked twenty miles, while I rode or pushed my bicycle. Arriving at a market town, where we had planned to spend the night at an inn (and were prepared to suffer its heat, mosquitoes and bugs), we discovered a river junk ready to leave. Though Chinese junks have little to commend them, they are in every way more comfortable than Chinese inns.

During supper, the woman who waited on us on the junk continually addressed the Bishop as "Old Gentleman."

Though this is an honored and revered title in China, no one likes it applied to himself until the years force it upon him. The Bishop smiled and remarked to me, "I'll be forty-eight tomorrow, and she calls me 'old'!"

The meal over, we sat on the outboard of the junk, with our feet dangling in the water. The rains had ceased, and a golden sunset was bidding us good night. As the boat glided lazily with the current, I listened to the Bishop's reminiscences of his years in China.

We did not reach home until afternoon, and the day happened to be the Bishop's birthday. We dug out the few spoonfuls of baking powder, hidden for such a day, and made a birthday cake. The tin of coffee, which had been put away for some great occasion of this kind, came out, also.



Midwesterner follows St. Paul's example, making journeys on foot

Next day we departed for Friendly Bamboo Market. There the Bishop met the Hoh family, whose son Maurice he was to ordain in a few months. Twenty-five years ago, the father was a fortune teller. He became a Catholic, changed his means of livelihood, and found that God greatly prospered his family. Mr. Hoh will not

see his son raised to the priesthood, as he died two years ago. But Mrs. Hoh, four other sons, their wives and nine children, are all tremendously interested in the one to be ordained. While we were there, the Bishop confirmed one of the sons and the four daughters-in-law.

Next morning found the Bishop and me again on the road. We stopped at Wheatlands just long enough for the Bishop to give instructions for the repair of the little country chapel there.

Each Has a Tale

ANOTHER hour found us at Great Fragrant Pond. This village is the poorest of the poor, and that evening the people explained to the Bishop all their difficulties about getting enough to eat. Could he help them? He surely would try.

"The Japanese took my house, my books, my clothes, everything I owned," the Bishop told the villagers. "Then they arrested me. I managed to save only this ring and the clothes I have with me."

On our next jaunt, I left the bicycle at home. There really are no roads for it, and besides, walking is fun.

Once, as we trudged along together, I asked a question: "Bishop, does your throat get parched, smoking that pipe?"

"No," he answered. "As long as this little boiler keeps going, so can I!"

He fondly examined the old briar; half an inch was missing from the stem, and half the bowl was smoked away. I suppose he remembered how the invaders had left it to him as worthless.

That was last year. Now the Bishop is on his way around again — another five hundred miles.

Still stepping out!

Smiling housewife and child greet Bishop as he passes the doorway



All Aboard!

THESE YOUNG Maryknoll priests, newly ordained, are leaving for their missions among the Indians in South and Central America. Thus another score of priests will join the hundred Maryknollers already there.

Each new missioner will have his home in some shack in the jungles, or an adobe house in the mountains, or perhaps a wooden cottage in some town.

It is too late for you to go along. But if you are interested, we have a little plan by which you can go "part way" with these Maryknollers.

Our idea involves, with your permission, a bit of rejuggling of your budget to help us supply any portion (no matter how large or how small!) of the \$500 that it costs to equip each missioner and transport him to his mission outpost — many thousands of miles away.

If it were only a matter of finding the fare for one or two of our men, we could do that without much further ado. But twenty times \$500 makes this another one of those horses of a different color. You can imagine the furrowed brow of the good Maryknoll Treasurer when he sees the sum total of \$10,000 staring up at



Off for Latin America! Maryknollers wave farewell at Pennsylvania Station

him. That gives him a first-class problem!

But we feel sure that our loyal friends will again help us solve this problem, and will see that every one of these young men reaches that corner of the world to which Maryknoll, in the name of the Holy Father, assigns him.

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS, MARYKNOLL P.O., N. Y.

I am interested in helping to equip and to send your new group of missioners to the fields afar. Enclosed find \$..... towards the \$500 needed for each of them.

Name

Street

City

Zone

State



The Maryknoll Sisters leave Managua, en route to their latest mission field

Happy Landings at Nicaragua

by SISTER MARIE ESTELLE

OUR LAST STOP on our way to our new mission in Nicaragua, was at Managua, where the Sisters of the Assumption overwhelmed us with thoughtfulness and kindness. But soon we were in the air again, and when the Principo River flowed into sight, we rejoiced because we knew that we were flying close to our goal.

A few minutes later the pilot sent back a note saying that he would circle Siuna and La Luz so that we could get an airy view of the two little pueblos, scene of our future labors.

Delegation Waiting

A QUICK descent brought us to the airfield where we found Bishop Matthew awaiting us, with some of the military and town representatives. At the entrance of the

pueblo came the first in a series of surprises. We were directed to pass on between columns of people on either side of the road, when suddenly one of the military gave a signal and the crowd cried out: "Viva las Madres de Maryknoll!" We continued to the top of the hill where a white sign-post with the word "MARYKNOLL" flashed before our eyes. Many more villagers came out to greet us as we made our way slowly along the pathway.

Another surprise greeted us, as we rounded the curve and came in full sight of the new building, at the far end of which floated a flag bearing our *Chi Rho* emblem. It brought tears to our eyes to see to what extent the Bishop and the people had gone to make Maryknoll welcome in Siuna.

Before entering the convent we stopped

at the Church where we sang the Te Deum, with the people crowding into the benches and listening attentively while the Bishop welcomed us in the native tongue. With a tremendous spurt of courage — and a band accompaniment — I replied, in Spanish, telling them that our hearts had been here long before our arrival, and thanking them for all the work they had done for us.

We Do Home Exploring

WHEN that performance ended we proceeded to the convent, broke the green and red cellophane ribbon that stretched across the doorway — and stepped inside!

The Bishop thoughtfully stayed outside to let us enjoy the fun of exploration by ourselves. As by a magnet, we were drawn to the doors of the Chapel — a bit of

heaven. The altar table is set on two beautiful mahogany pillars, with a hand-carved, highly polished *Chi Rho* above it. Behind the altar are two small stained-glass windows and on the wall between hangs a red velvet drape, making a perfect background for an antique crucifix. The Assumption Sisters who entertained us so royally in Managua provided the altar cloth, priest's linens, the wine, hosts, sanctuary lamp, as well as some other gifts for the house, which we later discovered in a suitcase sent along with us on the plane. This is only one instance of their magnanimity.

Already the thoughtfulness and sincerity of the people have made a deep impression upon us. They are frightfully poor and we wonder how they manage to exist on their meager resources.

MARYKNOLL SISTERS,
MARYKNOLL, N. Y.

I will send you, as soon as possible, a U. S. War Bond* or Stamps, to be used for the direct work of saving souls.

Name Zone

Street.....

City State

*Bonds for the Maryknoll Sisters should be registered under their legal title: Foreign Mission Sisters of St. Dominic, Inc. Only Bonds in Series F and G may be registered in the name of such a corporation.

Bishop Matthew greets Sisters on arrival in Nicaragua to begin their new work





American friends of Fr. Murphy remember his big smile and booming voice

Rookie Missioner

by FRANCIS J. MURPHY

**Making good in Latin America,
says Fr. Murphy, Connecticut
priest, means imitating Bing
Crosby in film "Going My Way"**

GOING into a parish where two priestly predecessors have built an affectionate place for themselves in the hearts of their parishioners, is no easy task. When word came that Father McCabe was transferred to Riberalta, and that I had been assigned to his former station at Calacala, profound gloom settled over the latter mission. It was as if the last good priest had been exiled from Bolivia.

When I arrived at Calacala, I was really looked upon as an intruder. Some of the boys asked if I could speak Spanish or Quechua. When I answered, "No," it

produced consternation among them.

"But, Father," they said, "Father McCabe spoke both languages!" They implied that they had lost forever an irreplaceable Padre and friend.

Looking at the accomplishments of Fathers McCabe and Lawler convinced me of the reasons for this. Formerly the church in Calacala was little more than four walls and a roof; they changed it into a true House of God. Gone are the sand floor, the broken benches used for pews, the box which served as an altar.

Citizens of Calacala have good reason to believe that Fathers McCabe and Lawler performed modern miracles. The tough kids of Calacala plaza have now become the model boys of Santa Ana parish. Two years ago it was positively dangerous to venture through the streets after dark. Then Father McCabe stepped into the pic-

ture. Realizing that boys are bad only when they have nothing good to do, he organized them into the Catholic Action, patterned after the Catholic Youth Organization in the States.

Program of Sports

BEFORE becoming full-fledged members, the boys have to prove themselves. This they do by going to Mass each Sunday and by receiving the Sacraments. Many, although adult in years, had not made their First Communion, but this defect was soon remedied after classes in Christian doctrine were established.

A complete program of sports has been arranged, also. It is well that I play a little handball and basketball or I should by now have been run out of town. To have the approval of these lads, the missioner needs to be at least something like Bing Crosby in "Going My Way."

Last Sunday, as I began the five-thirty Mass, no altar boy appeared, so I started alone. Hardly had I reached the foot of the steps, when an old Quechua Indian knelt down at my side and recited the responses in perfect Latin. I was so dumbfounded, I got mixed up in my own prayers! I wish I could describe his reverence.

After Mass, I asked the old Indian where he lived, and how he knew the manner of

serving Mass so well. Being one of the few Quechua Indians who speak Spanish, he explained that he lived in the Andes Mountains. When he was a boy, a priest used to go into the mountains to say Mass. Desiring to help, the young Indian learned the prayers and the manner of serving Mass.

"I don't know how well I did this morning, Father," he said. "For twenty years we were without a priest. Two years ago, when the Maryknoll Padres came, I obtained a little book and re-learned the prayers, hoping to serve Mass some day again. When no altar boy showed up this morning, I was very glad." It is no wonder he showed such reverence in voice and manner.

All Kinds of People

WE HAVE all kinds of people to work with in Calacala. There are the upper class, who have some Spanish blood in them; the full-blooded Quechua Indian; and the Mestizo, who is a mixture of Indian and other nationalities. Poverty and riches are found side by side here. The same may be said in regard to intelligence. For the most part the simplest instructions will have to be reviewed again and again. It is said that Calacala has 20,000 people, not to mention the vast number that live in the outlying districts.



YOUR PRAYERS, PLEASE!

WE HAVE received the following special requests for prayers. These intentions have been read out publicly in our Maryknoll chapel. May we ask you, too, to remember these needs of your fellow Members of Maryknoll? Please feel free to submit your requests for our prayers and for those of all Maryknoll Members.

Persons sick,	2,598	Persons in the services,	2,810
Persons deceased,	3,776	Other special intentions,	7,169

Someone Like You

by CHARLES F. McCARTHY

WAIT! Don't turn this page, please! We're looking for someone like you! We're looking for someone to replace a valued man we have lost.

Many years ago a tall, well-built, dark-haired young man came to Maryknoll Seminary. He was strong and energetic, good at games and fairly good in classes. He worked hard, but most of the lads do that; we considered him average, except for his zest for work.

But even that was insignificant compared to his heart! That was so very great, it could pity the most revolting of all God's unfortunates; so strong, it could take him into the grimdest work a man could choose! We could not see his heart; we didn't even know about it, at first. Probably he didn't, either,

Becomes Hero

HE DID not become world-famous; but he became a hero, a giant, a tower of strength to some people in the Orient. He became the Reverend Francis J. Connors, of the Maryknoll leper asylum in South China, who lived and died for his afflicted, abandoned sufferers.

Each one of us has a thousand possibilities. Our duty in this world is to develop ourselves, to get the utmost from our mental and bodily endowments, to be as big and fine and strong and useful as we are able. Some of us, through timidity or

laziness, or just because we never thought about it, fail to realize more than a fraction of our powers. But there are exceptions.

* * *

Father Ambrose Graham was a New York City man, before he went to the upper Amazon. He writes us from the jungle:

"I have to start virtually from scratch, to build up industries. We are working on rubber, sugar cane, coffee, agriculture in general, a small tannery, a brick-and-tile plant; and we have some cattle. We need more than seventy houses, plus a church and a rectory."

Father Graham is teaching his Indians to live. He is starting a new civilization.



In the normal course of events, Father Graham, in the world, might have grown up to be a Wall Street customers' man, or an advertising copywriter, or a cost accountant. But — after a while, Father Graham would have learned all there is to know about those jobs. He would have gotten to where he could do them perfectly. He would have stopped growing, or else have come to feel cramped and uncomfortable.

He now can keep on learning new things, and teaching them to his Indians, as long as he lives.

* * *

One afternoon not long before Bataan surrendered, a plane came over the palm-grove hospital and laid a stick of bombs accurately down the center. The attack

was utterly unexpected; for a moment the nurses were terrified, the doctors reeled, the panic-stricken patients flung themselves from their cots. Then Lieutenant Cummings — Father William Cummings, a Maryknoller who was chaplain there — righted a chair and climbed on it. He held up his hand.

"That was a tough one!" Father Cummings said. "Lie still and pray." Something in his voice compelled obedience. Presently he began, and the wounded followed a little breathlessly: "Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name. . . ."

* * *

These men, and others like them, have done things and are doing things which are beyond ordinary human powers.

We of Maryknoll hope for an end of wars and hating, of greed and exploitation and double-dealing. We look for all men to recognize the brotherhood of man. We believe that men, with God's help, can bring this about. We want men like these three missioners as replacements.

The men we seek should be young — for they will need long training. They must have good health, clear heads, a sense of humor, and common sense. They should have a love of their fellow men, and a desire to leave the world a better place than they found it. They need a deep and abiding faith in God. They need courage. We're looking for replacements; we're looking for *YOU!*

**THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS,
MARYKNOLL P. O., NEW YORK.**

Please send me information about becoming a Maryknoll missioner.

Name

Street Zone

City State

Three-Minute Meditation

"Our Father, who art in heaven"

MATT. VI; 9-13

NOT LONG BEFORE the great push for the Philippines began, General Douglas MacArthur was interviewed by a war correspondent. In the course of the conversation, the reporter questioned MacArthur about his young son and asked how he felt about being a famous commander and a father. The general brightened immediately and said:

"By profession, I am a soldier and take pride in that fact. But I am prouder, infinitely prouder, to be a father. A soldier destroys in order to build; a father only builds, never destroys. The one has the potentialities of death; the other embodies creation and life. And, while the hordes of death are mighty, the battalions of life are mightier still. It is my hope that my son, when I am gone, will remember me, not from the battle, but in the home, repeating with him our simple prayer, 'Our Father, who art in heaven.'"

How fortunate the missioner is to be striving to spread the idea of "Our Father" to all mankind!



Three-Minute Meditation: read a minute, reflect another minute, and pray the third minute.

On the Mission Front

Form of Inflation: — Here in Western China, we saw one cart with a curious-looking cargo. It was a cowhide without the carcass, and made one wonder if the cow had jumped out of her skin. Chinese skinners start from the head, and pull the hide off as we pull a sweater over our heads. The feet and neck holes are then tied up, and the skin is used like a tank-car to carry all sorts of things. This cart was loaded with a cow's skin filled with vegetable oil, and when buyers came with their jugs, the oil dealer loosened the string on one leg and let the oil run into the jug.

— *Father Mark Tennien, of Pittsford, Vermont.*

Superman: — They call these heights in Kwangsi Province the "Mountains of the Aborigines," because the descendants of the aborigines of China live in them. As far as the eye can see, there are only rolling mountains here.

Chinese porters carry loads of seventy pounds each over these ranges, and they are men the comic writers could use for "Superman." They carry that weight five hours up a mountain before they stop to rest.

Along the mountaintop, we came across a small area planted with corn, and the porters each took a dozen ears. Their lunch that day consisted mainly of roasted corn, cooked by building a fire of hay and throwing the corn in.

— *Father Cyril Hirst, of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, now in Szechwan, China*

Incipient Revolution: — In this quaint little Guatemalan town, the layout is very symmetrical, with avenues running north and south, and streets crossing east to west. Once the formidable doors of a building are opened, a new world opens. Every home has a patio, with rooms built around it. The patios bloom with green shrubbery and trees with brilliant flowers.

Physically this town is a paradise, with day after



Father Tennien



Father Hirst



Father McCleary

Father McNiff



day of Indian summer, and cool refreshing nights. But at two o'clock one morning, the spell was broken when guns began to boom in every section of the city. Thinking it was a mis-timed *fiesta*, I went to the window to shoo the boys away, but found they were really serious, shooting genuine ammunition at one another, with little or no appreciable results.

— *Father Edmund McClear, of Royal Oak, Michigan, now in Guatemala City*

Good Entertainers: — Chileans are really a very happy people. A big parade was held today in the plaza, on the occasion of the Spring Festival. Some were dressed in formal costumes, others just milling around. Chileans have the best time imaginable at such simple affairs. Everyone is greatly amused at seeing who is there and what is worn. To a Chilean, there is something especially appealing about a crowd.

Visitors certainly should pay tribute to the hospitality of the Chileans. They are genuinely delighted to have one visit them, and they manage to make one feel completely at home.

— *Father James McNiff, of Peabody, Massachusetts, now in Taica, Chile*

Flight from Wuchow: — All the plans made here in Wuchow, to avoid the Japanese, were useless. For the first time in this war, the invaders followed the country roads instead of the main arteries, and our missionaries had a hard time keeping ahead.

Our priests broke up into three groups. One group proceeded up the Foo River from the city. Another, made up of sixteen priests and some fifty catechists and native Sisters, went to the mountain mission of Topong. Eventually many of the Fathers came out, walking a week or so over the mountains. Others decided to stay after we dropped some money to them by plane.

The Fathers of another group are now in Kunming, about to move into a new home, the old convent of the Franciscan Sisters.

— *Father James Smith, of East Norwalk, Connecticut, now in Kunming, China*

Father James Smith



On the Mission Front

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Father James' Smith



Citizens of the World

by JAMES G. KELLER

A Communist and two Army officers bring back stories of Christ's world-wide love, as exemplified in noble action

THE universality and democracy of Christian ideals are evident in a story which recently came, strangely enough, from a former leader of communism in England. We heard this former leader — a woman — describe an incident in China which had made a deep impression upon her.

In the middle of that war-stricken country, she had come across a small hospital that was reputed to be doing a big job. She had heard such wonderful things about the hospital that she asked to visit it.

"What I saw was hard to believe," she related. "There was scarcely a square foot in the whole place that was not covered by some poor Chinese, sick or wounded. Nobody was turned away; a spot was found for everyone who came. And what care they got! Each and every person was treated with a tender and tireless solicitude that I have seldom seen elsewhere.

Belonged to World

THE brave Sisters in charge of the hospital were Europeans. But I was anxious to know from which country they had come, so I went up to the Sister Superior and asked, 'Sister, to what country do you and the other nuns belong?'

"Without a moment's hesitation, the Superior made a reply that I shall never forget: 'We don't belong to any country. We belong to the world. We are sisters

in Christ. We are sisters of all men!'

In the words of that mission Sister, is the solution of so much that is wrong with the world. How many of us can say that we belong to the world, that we are sisters and brothers, in Christ, of all men? Until we can say these things, there is little hope for a real and lasting world peace.

Much of the world's present tragedy might have been prevented if we Christians had done more to bring the Prince of Peace to *all* men of *all* nations.

There is no better story to illustrate this than the one told by the United States Marines and published in their official newspaper, *Wind Sock*, at Cherry Point, North Carolina. It is a story that came out of the agony and torture of the "Death March of Bataan," and the Marines refer to it as one of the greatest stories of the Pacific war. The account was brought to Cherry Point by two Army officers, survivors of that parade of the tortured.

Their tale, unfolded to a small group, and passed on to us by one of those present, is in a general way familiar to our readers. But there is one part of their story that, so far as we can determine, has never been told before. With grim humility, those young American officers paid simple tribute to a Japanese naval lieutenant, a gallant enemy who gave his life that these officers and many of their comrades might live.

Some of those who survived the march from Bataan were herded like cattle into troop transports bound for the Japanese home islands. Hundreds of men, weakened by wounds, thirst, and hunger, were aboard the particular ship which these American

officers told of. The captives were jammed into small, stinking holds, and were unable to lie down. There was almost no air. The stench of unwashed human bodies, of festering wounds and human excrement, churned sickeningly in their lungs. Occasionally, the small hatch would be lifted and handfuls of rancid, rotten food thrown in on their heads. That was their only sustenance; the men fought for that food, even as they strove to keep their sanity.

There were times when a breath of fresh air would trickle into the stifling hold. That was the only kindness those captive American fighters experienced as the transport swallowed toward Japan. Those breaths of fresh air were supplied by a young Japanese officer, a convert to the Catholic Faith. Stealthily, he would creep to the closed hatch and kick it ajar; he would also get a word or two of hope to the imprisoned men.

This enemy officer was a Christian, who had been converted from Shintoism by the Maryknoll Fathers, the Americans discovered. He had no hatred for America and was fighting only because his country was at war. Even on that suspicion-filled ship of doom, he daily risked his life in that small gesture of compassion — because he was a Christian. The climax of his gamble with death came when an American torpedo ripped into the hull of the transport. The enemy crew swarmed into lifeboats, but only after the hatch over the prisoners had been firmly battened down.

In the blackened, crowded hold of that doomed ship, Americans waited for death almost gratefully. Suddenly the hatch was ripped away, and the face of the young Japanese lieutenant peered in. Men surged up out of the hold, among them the two American officers who told the story. As the prisoners emerged, the young Japanese crumpled on the deck, bullets from his commanding officer's pistol buried in his body. There he died, while the enemies he had released plunged over the rail of the sinking transport — some to death, others to ultimate safety.

"Greater love hath no man . . . "

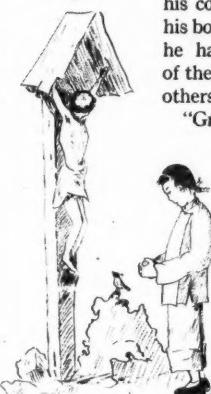
Need Is Great

THESE are only two of the many stories that could be told. They are indicative of one fact: What an easy thing it is to help the world!

If one hundred thousand young Americans could be found to go out over the world as "other Christs," and take to other lands what the missionaries of old brought to our forefathers, how much more quickly would peace come to all mankind.

For the priest is much more than spiritual father. Today he may be a doctor, alleviating bodily pain; tomorrow he is a veterinarian, helping to save, with some simple remedy, a sick cow or calf, a dog or a cat. In the morning he may be an architect selecting the best site for a new home; in the afternoon he is a matchmaker, seeking a wife for a son of one of his Christians, or a husband for a daughter.

The missioner is the spiritual father ministering to souls, bringing the Bread of Life and the wisdom of the Gospels.





Postwar Plan

NO T NOW, but after the war, Maryknoll will build a chapel.

Shoemakers' children, they say, go barefoot. We do not know if that is true, but certainly Maryknoll, which has sent hundreds of priests to start churches in far-off lands, has no church of its own!

Naturally, a chapel was contemplated when the architect first drew plans for the structure in use today; but when we figured our costs, and counted our money, it was plain that something must wait. Just a little while, of course. . . .

But the years have gone by, and there have always been immediate needs: classrooms, living quarters; in China — war, inflation, and long lines of starving refugees. Every dollar helps to save a life!

And so, after a quarter of a century, we

are still praying and saying Mass and having ordinations in a room that was originally intended as a lecture hall. And while the war goes on, we shall continue to do so.

Each year witnesses an increase in our student enrollment; and with new classes arriving in September, we expect to be a larger family than ever. The pinch is especially felt at this season. This month many visitors will have to stand during the ordination ceremonies. Lack of space will prevent our students from witnessing the ordinations.

Men and materials cannot be spared today, but when the conflict ends, the situation will change rapidly. By starting its project

at the right time, Maryknoll will help to provide jobs for returning soldiers and to smooth the transition to peace.

We plan no drive, but when the clouds clear away, we shall possess, we hope, sufficient of the necessary funds to begin construction. Someone has suggested that there might be 500 friends over the country who would give \$500 each. If you are inclined to include yourself, we shall be happy to hear from you.

The chapel is our Postwar Plan. We wish to be ready. You may be interested in having a part in building it. If you are, we shall be able to make our arrangements with confidence. Any gift, from \$1 to \$10,000, will be thankfully received. Write:

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS
MARYKNOLL P.O., N. Y.



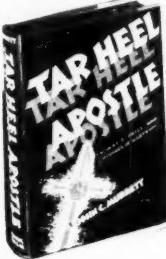
By Daniel Sargent

A Longmans, Green publication.

\$2.50

A GENIAL picture of Maryknoll's cofounder, Bishop James Anthony Walsh. The author has caught the charm of his engaging personality by quoting generously from his writings, and has recorded the greatness of Bishop Walsh's work as an American Churchman. *Illustrated.*

**COFOUNDER
OFFER:
Both Volumes, \$3.75**



**By John C.
Murrett, M.M.**

A Longmans, Green publication.

\$2.50

FATHER PRICE, in his "Tar Heel Apostle," adopted the slogan, "Every Tar Heel a Catholic!" He held to this ideal through many trying, amusing, heartbreaking incidents in North Carolina, until he became cofounder of Maryknoll and missioner in China. His simplicity, devotion, and consuming zeal will win your heart.

MEN OF MARYKNOLL

Stories of Maryknoll missionaries, by Father Keller and Meyer Berger. **\$1.**

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A world picture based on wide travel, by John J. Considine, M.M. The only book in English that gives a world view of Catholic missions. **\$2.50.**

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THE MARYKNOLL BOOKSHELF • MARYKNOLL NEW YORK

MARYKNOLL WANT ADS.

Some Chinese Idols Have Fifty Hands, but because the missioner has only two, he needs native catechists to help him. He must pay these helpers \$150 a year. Do you wish to give a missioner a hand?

Water, Water, Everywhere, but not a drop to drink. Religion is free, and so is water, but someone might like to pay for the piping. Father Bonner, in the Valley of the Amazon, would like to build a well so that his people would not be worried about dysentery and the many other diseases that come from drinking water in which the cattle and the people bathe. The cost of piping is \$150.

South of the Border, Father Koechel has a chapel which suffered from years of neglect when there was no pastor. A donation of \$250 will fix the chapel and please its new pastor. He is so confident of a response that he is planning the "Thank you" letter to the benefactor.

There Are Too Many Lepers for us to help them all, but we shall do what we can. Begging along the roads in China, in these days, brings in very little. Should you like to send us \$5 to feed one Chinese leper for one month?

Inflation in China finds our budgets harder to stretch than ever. One of our

anxieties is to find the support of native Sisters. This item is about \$15 a month for one Sister. Can you take care of this?

What Would You Do if every morning, when you opened your doors, you found two thousand or more hungry people in line, hoping for food? You would try to get it for them — as we do now in China! Whether 50¢ or \$50, whatever you spare will be used to feed the hungry.



If you buy a War Bond, and give it to Maryknoll, you are helping two causes with one offering.

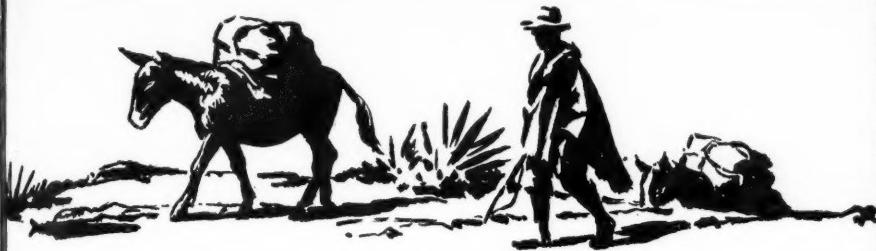
friend for our country. Will you give \$5 to feed one such child for a month?

Church Goes to Them, instead of vice versa, when the Maryknoll missioner takes his Mass kit to some outlying villagers who cannot come to Mass. Such portable kits cost \$150 each; two are needed for mission use in Central America.

Staff of Life, among the Chinese, means rice. A "heavy load" — enough for two hundred hungry men — costs only \$5. Help them live on into China's better days!

Good Advice won't cure the sick; we need \$1,000 to help the ailing. Who will give \$1?

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS
Maryknoll P.O., N. Y.



SOUTH AMERICAN NEEDS

Bolivian Missions Request:

Altar	\$200.
Tabernacle	150.
Main altar cross	20.
Sanctuary lamp	10.
Stations of the Cross	25.
Holy-water fonts	20.
Vestments	100.
Vestment case	80.
Benches (30)	240.
Ciborium	60.
Benediction set	150.
Missal	30.
Candles (year's supply)	100.
Boys' club	500.

Chilean Mission Needs:

Motorcycle	\$350.
Horse	100.
Medical kit	35.
Chapel repairs	150.

A Letter:

"Enclosed is a \$1,000 War Bond to use in your work, at your own discretion. I acquired it by turning in my \$25 Bonds, purchased over a period of two years, thus making it a painless operation." — *A. H., San Francisco.*

Buy War Bonds Series F or G in the name of our special corporate title:

MARYKNOLL FATHERS' MISSION SOCIETY, INC.



Rendezvous with Destiny. — The mettle of the young Americans ordained to the priesthood at Maryknoll this month will be well tried as they travel the lonely missionary roads of Central America, Ecuador, Peru, Bolivia and Chile. But the test of our own mettle will be our ability to raise funds to get them there, a matter of \$500 each. (See Page 17.)

